

What an impression the scenes around made on the mind of the newly arrived missionary, a country so rough and mountainous—this Humber being a valley between two great ranges of mountains towering to the clouds ! The first impression, which lasted for a few days, was something akin to what one would feel if confined in a dungeon. But the bustle and stir of the busy season, and above all the amount of labor to be done, for the salvation of souls purchased by the precious blood of Jesus, soon made him feel at home, and thank God it has been so since.

Although arriving in the Bay of Islands on the 2nd November, it was the 14th December before he could reach the place of his destination, the domicile of the late Père Bélanger at St. George's Bay. But it was no easy task to go over this voyage in the dreary month of December. On this route places were visited never trod by a missionary before— But I need not expatiate on the *labors and hardships*, besides the appalling dangers undertaken by the missionary year after year, as he was obliged either to come or go between the two more important stations of the Prefecture. He had certainly many a providential escape, but more especially when having left the Bay of Islands on the 25th November 1872 for St. George's on board of an American vessel ; during the night they encountered a heavy storm, and the vessel having been over-laden with a cargo of fish nearly level with the water, the waves passed and repassed over her, letting down a quantity of water into the cabin, where the poor missionary was alone from Monday night till Wednesday noon, when the storm abated a little, without a soul to reach him as much as a cup of water. The next day it was his pleasing duty to come on deck, and pilot them into Port au Port, the only harbor they could make to leave him at. Here